

VOICES INDICE.

AT THE GYMNASIUM.
Round the door of the gymnasium, and leaning on the railings of the paddock, a group of men, in white tunics and various stages of beribbon, were waiting for the start of the race. The grand stand was full of ladies and gentlemen, equally well dressed, and the various stages of beribbon, were waiting for the start of the race. The grand stand was full of ladies and gentlemen, equally well dressed, and the various stages of beribbon, were waiting for the start of the race.

Colonel Hedger (who has taken a 2-rapce ticket at the tollhouse): Oh, yes, I stand to win a good lot.
Newly-joined Subaltern (mildly, to Reginald Spenser): Would you advise me to back Hedger for this race?
R. S. (condescendingly): Well, Colonel Hedger is a good look in, and might win if he gets the lead over the first jump and keeps it all the way round.

N. J. S. (much impressed): Oh, thanks, awfully! (Proceeds to back all three horses, under the impression that he is bound to win in any case.)
Miss Brierley (who has just come out to drive in a pony): Oh, what a lovely pony! Do tell me whose it is?

Mrs. Scourby Stiff: Oh, that belongs to Captain Offhand. He came here three weeks ago, and has called now and then at all a nice man, my dear.

Miss B. I do believe it's Charles Offhand, whom I know at home. I heard he was in India, but had no idea of meeting him here.

Mrs. S. S. (trigly): I think, my dear, that you are of Captain Offhand the better for everyone concerned. As he has not been the trouble to call on me before, I should consider it an impertinence for me to do so now. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Scourby Stiff? I haven't seen you since yesterday evening.

Mrs. Scourby Stiff (gushingly but in melodramatic whisper): So glad to see you here. I've got such a lot to tell you. Well, you've heard, of course, about Major Spenser and his flight. Perfectly disgraceful, dear! One hardly likes to repeat the story. (Proceeds to do so with full details.) Oh, and there's this wonderful news about dear Captain Offhand. Have you heard it?

Mrs. S. S. (apprehensively): No, what is it?

Mrs. Scourby Stiff: A telegram came this morning to say that some distant relative had died, and he inherits the baronetcy and a large fortune.

Mrs. S. S.: Oh, I'm so delighted to hear it. I have always thought him such a nice gentlemanly man, although perhaps a little too reserved.

Mrs. Scourby Stiff (maliciously): What a pity he has not called on you yet!

(Further conversation is interrupted by the bell announcing that the horses have started. After a close race Captain Offhand's pony comes in first.)

Major Spenser (sympathetically): You must have lost a lot over this race.

Colonel Hedger: Oh, it's of no consequence which is quite true.

Newly-joined Subaltern (mildly): I am glad I took Spenser's advice and backed that pony.

(Later, after abstract calculation, discovers he is thirty reaps to the bad, and thinks Spenser is not such a good chap after all.)

Captain Offhand (coming on to the grand stand): How do you do, Miss Brierley? You haven't forgotten me, have you?

(Catches Mrs. Scourby Stiff's eye and bows slightly, which in no way daunts that lady's smiling welcome.)

Miss Brierley: No, I haven't forgotten you, Captain Offhand. (Aside) Sometimes I wish I could. (Aloud) I never expected to meet you here.

Captain Offhand: Well, I might say the same of you, only that my friend Giles wrote out from home and mentioned that you were coming out to stay here for the week.

Miss Brierley: Are you stationed here always?

Captain Offhand: Oh no, my regiment is at Bangalore.

Miss B. Then why did you come here?

Captain O. (confused): Oh, I came to see the place, you know, and to stay a few weeks with my friend Brierley.

Miss B. (anxious to change the subject): What a beautiful pony that is of yours! I am so glad to see it.

Captain O. (angrily): Would you like to come down and look at her?

Miss B. Yes, I should very much, if Anny will spare me for a little.

Mrs. S. S. (beaming): Oh, certainly, dear, go if you like, and perhaps Sir Charles would dine with us this evening quite quietly, as he is an old friend of yours.

Captain O.: I shall be delighted to come this evening, but by the way I am not Sir Charles yet, nothing is known for certain as yet. (They go off in the direction of the paddock.)

Captain O.: Do you know what I have called this mare?

Miss B.: No, what?

Captain O. (meaningly): Mabel.

(They are silent for some time. Captain O. at length breaks the silence.)

Captain O. Mabel, do you know why I left England so suddenly? You must have thought it strange of me. I was then a poor man and in debt. How could I ask any girl to share such a life as mine?

I loved you then, Mabel, but I tried to get away, and at last I thought that if I went to India I might forget. Needless to say I never could forget. Now things are altered and I can offer you a comfortable home. Will you make me happy, Mabel?

Miss B.: Oh, Charles!

(The remainder of the conversation is interesting to themselves alone, until they discover that the Gymkhana is over and everyone preparing to leave.)

Mrs. S. S. (to a group of envious lady friends): Yes, and she's a friend of dear Mabel's, and he's coming to dine with us to-night. It will be a splendid thing for her, of course, and I've always thought him such an extremely nice man. Ah, here they come. Can we give you a little in our carriage, Captain Offhand?

Miss Scourby Stiff (glaring, as the carriage drives away): How can she be called in that odious girl? Can she be brought in that odious girl? Can she be brought in that odious girl?

(Lady friends are left discussing Mrs. Scourby Stiff's character as the carriage drives off.)—Flower Mail.

GRANNY GORTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Saturday, January 21st, was a great day in Central Victoria, in the State of Queensland. A hundred years old and formally received her friends, of whom hundreds were present. She wore her best black silk gown with a row in the bodice. The venerable lady was seated in a comfortable armchair on a platform in the best room of her house. Then the train of callers filed through, each and all shaking hands with her. "Granny Gorton," as she is called, is a tiny little body and very nimble on her feet. There was never anything about her, she says, and except that her eyesight isn't quite so good as it used to be, she is as active as any woman of 100.

Why has Granny Gorton lived so long? Why is she so active now? She lets out the secret herself when she says, "There was never anything about me." That's it, and all of it.

People who live 100 years are not very rare.

The details of 45 such were reported last year in England—23 men and 22 women. Yet, compared to the multitudes who die, these are nothing—nothing. Can we not keep things from aging us, and so live long as Mrs. Gorton? Yes, if we will take the trouble to do it! Men and women 100 years old, still vigorous and alert, should be a sight so common as not to be remarked, and will be yet in the future. Why not now? "Ask yourself the question," says the best man on down on Deal beach.

Here's how it is: A woman's life, she says, is full of it when a girl of about 16. She lost her appetite, had pains in the sides and chest, frequent headaches, and was often obliged to lie down on the couch and rest. All this didn't promise long life, did it? No; it was a bad start.

Well, she got worse instead of better. She was often sick, vomited her food, and spitting up a sour fluid. For five years she went on this way. This brings us to October, 1881. "She was then in service as parlor-maid at Leamington Hastings, Warwickshire. Here she suffered from constant sickness, vomiting, and headache. The chest pains were so bad as to lead her to think of suicide. No position that she could take relieved her. Her stomach was so tender and sore that everything she ate pained and distressed her. For months and months she only took liquid food—milk and beaten eggs, and so on.

She got weaker and weaker every day, so she says. Of course, how else could it be? A doctor at Rugby told her she had "ulceration of the chest," which she didn't at all. What is "ulceration of the chest?"

He gave her medicines and advice, but she grew no better on that account. This young lady was now about 20 years old, with a poor outlook for ever being much older. She didn't expect it, nor did her friends. Then another doctor, being consulted, said "ulceration of the chest," like the medical brother at Rugby. Both wrong.

"After six months' medical treatment," she says, "I gave up my situation and returned to my home at Rugby, Leamington. This was in June, 1882. Then I was taken to bed but I took to my bed. My mother thought I was in a decline."

Now, the word "decline" means consumption, as we all know; a disease common in England and elsewhere everywhere. Thousands of bright girls and young men "decline" into their graves every year in this populous island. Sad enough it is to see.

Well, at this point her good and wise mother interfered in her daughter's case. She said she would do the best she could for her. She gave her the go-by and sent her to Norwich for some bottles of Mother Selge's Curative Syrup. In two weeks the young patient began to feel better, and in three months she got a new situation and went to work.

"Since then, fifteen years ago," she says, "I have kept in better health than ever before in my life, thanks to Selge's Syrup. Years truly, I think, I shall be 100. I have been at Rugby, Leamington, and London, September 30th, 1892."

A dozen words more and we're done. Mrs. Selge's Syrup was indicated and dyspepsia, nothing else, and quite enough. The "ulceration" was inflammation of the inner coating of the stomach, a symptom of the disease. We will let her long and happy life, and mostly that it all her sex could avoid or cure this one terrible mode of their might live to be as old as Granny Gorton.

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"If anybody ever catches me striking," said Mr. Doolan, "I'll be whirled in out as employment as 'hor' nothin' better to do."

One box of Chamber's Balsam is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or constitutional), Gravel and Pains in the Back—Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors: THE LANCET AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England.

ALBERTA—I believe you call yourself an advanced woman, dear! Alas!—Yes, I do. Alberta (sweetly)—Then you may tip the waiter, dear.

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NOTICE.

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"AQUERBOTS POSTE FRANCAIS."

STEAM FOR SAIGON, SINGAPORE, BATAVIA, COLOMBO, ADEN, SUEZ, PORT SAID, MEDITERRANEAN AND BLACK SEA PORTS, ALEXANDRIA, MARSEILLES, LONDON, HAVRE AND BORDEAUX.

ALSO PORTS OF BRAZIL AND LA PLATA.

ON WEDNESDAY, the 12th June, 1895, at Noon, the Company's S.S. MELBOURNE, Commandant BOURBOIS, with MALES, PASSENGERS, SPECIMENS, and CARGO, will leave this Port for the above places.

Cargo and Specimens will be registered for London as well as for Marseilles, and accepted in transit through Marseilles for the principal places of Europe.

Shipping Orders will be granted till Noon.

Cargo will be received on board till 3 p.m. on the 11th June, 1895. (Parcels are not to be sent on board; they must be left at the Agency's Office.)

Contents and value of Packages are required.

For further particulars, apply at the Company's Office.

C. TOURNAIRE, Acting Agent.

Hongkong, May 29, 1895. 1011

NORDEUTSCHER LLOYD.

NOTICE.

STEAM FOR SINGAPORE, COLOMBO, ADEN, SUEZ, PORT SAID, NAPLES, GENOA, ANTWERP, BREMEN & HAMBURG, PORTS IN THE LEVANT, BLACK SEA & BALTIC PORTS; ALSO LONDON, NEW YORK, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, GALVESTON & SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS.

THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS WILL CALL AT SINGAPORE FOR PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

N.B.—Cargo can be taken on through Bills of Lading for the principal places in RUSSIA.

PROPOSED SAILINGS FROM HONGKONG.

SUBJECT TO ALTERATION.

Prinz Heinrich... Monday June 24.

Bayern... Monday July 2.

Preussen... Monday August 10.

Sachsen... Monday Sept. 16.

Gera... Monday Oct. 1.

Prinz Heinrich... Monday Nov. 11.

Preussen... Monday Dec. 9.

Sachsen... Monday Jan. 6.

Gera... Monday Feb. 3.

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